THE MISSIONARY HERALD

AT HOME AND ABROAD

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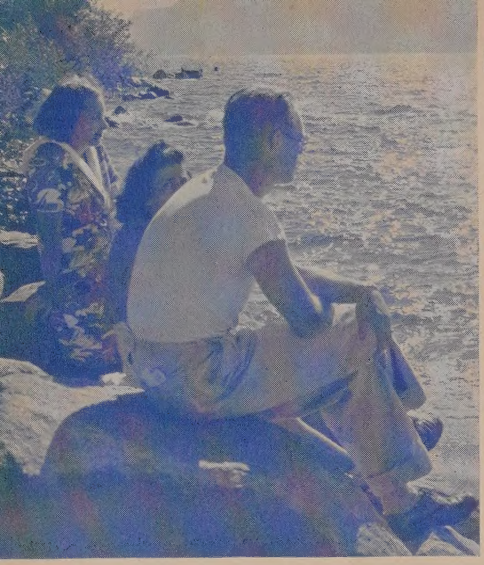

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The Missionary Herald

At Home and Abroad

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Our Cover

takes us to a little land of great spirit—Greece—and to a college for girls at Athens which the American Board transferred from Smyrna when the Greeks were driven out of Turkey nearly twenty years ago.

These Pierce College students—with old Hymettus behind them—show not a little of the stuff out of which that courageous little independent nation has been carved. We are proud to help such a promising people and we are grateful for the opportunity of helping build for Christian character and service in that land.

Our first article is by Katharine McElroy, President-elect of Pierce. She dwells upon some of the teachers who are helping mold these girls for clean, upright, well-disciplined life.

The work in Greece of the Congregational-Christian churches of America is referred to in other pages.

Suffering with the brave, self-sacrificing Greeks in these terribly critical days, may we not while praying for them, study ways and means of meeting the emergency that Pierce College faces because of the war.

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A Beloved Community in Greece

By Katherine L. McElroy*

BLUE Aegean, dreaming and still. Blue mountainous islands on the horizon, reaching snow-covered peaks toward an unattainable blue sky. Blue hills stretching out from the mainland on either side, calling the ocean in. Nearer at hand blue-black spruce trees and grey rocks, alabaster buildings with blue and white flags fluttering lazily above them, invisible save for their motion against the self-same colored sky.

That was Greece as I first saw it. I had arrived at Orlinda Childs Pierce College late the night before, and had been far too preoccupied with the strangeness of everything within doors even to wonder what it was like outside. But next morning I ran bare footed across the cold tiled floor of my bedroom, looked out of the window, and stood awe struck at the weird beauty of this new world where blue and white replaced the familiar

The coast line of Greece—can it be surpassed in beauty? Mt. Olympus in the background

brown and green I had always known.

In the weeks that followed the unearthly beauty of the surroundings lost their novelty, but the sense of being in a new world remained. I had never lived among missionaries before, where rivalry and personal ambition do not exist, where all receive the same wage regardless of the service each renders, and where differences of temperament, education, and point of view are powerless to break the deep unity which arises from our common love of God, and of the task He has assigned.

At the head of the college I found Dr. Minnie Mills, tall (somewhat gaunt), friendly and affectionate. So lacking in self-conceit is she that she can never understand why all the staff who respect her tremendously, will not call her Minnie and breeze into her study without the formality of knocking. One day she informed a group of about ten of us that sunsets have brighter colors if seen upside down. Then, without the least sense that such easy naturalness is unusual in college presidents, she escorted us outside where we all made the experiment bent completely double, nearly standing on our heads.

Second in command is Professor Mabel Long, strong of feature, handsome and erect, as neat as a trained nurse in her Greek-made tailored suits, every yellow hair close-cropped and in place. The students esteem and trust her in spite of the fact that she exacts good conduct and very high standards of work. "Miss Long is always absolutely fair and impartial," they say.

Then there is Miss Pinneo, adding charm to the campus with her soft feminine clothes, her flower garden, her love of beauty in nature and art. She is constantly asking her companions to notice and enjoy the sunset on the mountains, the neat little donkeys ladened with paniers of bright fruits and vegetables who trot along the road, the awkward brown sails of the heavy fishing boats coasting leisurely about in the sea.

The newest American on the staff is "Gay" Rowlands, aged twenty-four, holding an M.S. from the University of Wisconsin. We pray that she be guided to remain with us permanently. She had never taught anywhere before and had never been out of the Middle West, but she

*The author of this article is the president-elect of Pierce College, Elleniko, Athens. Shortly after the present war broke out she went to Greece for a brief period of work.

Early in 1940 she came back through the war zone to America to complete her preparations for permanent service in Greece, including the writing of a thesis for a Doctor's degree from Oxford.

She is kept here by our government's ruling against the issuance of passports to women, and while waiting to go back to Greece is helping raise $8000 for meeting the emergency at the College created by the war.

Miss McElroy

sailed for Greece with a light and adventurous heart in September 1940 a few weeks after war was declared, and proved herself a remarkably conscientious and gifted teacher.

This spring, after Italy entered the war, President Mills asked her if she would not like to go home. "Greece may be involved in the war," the President said, "Athens may possibly be bombed. You were not appointed as a permanent member of the staff. There is absolutely no obligation upon you to stay."

"No," Gay answered, "you are all facing whatever comes, and so am I."

But Americans are only a part of the staff. There is Mrs. Tzortzakis the head of the classics department. Erasmus-like in her gentleness and love of learning, able like some modern witch of Endor to call back Plato, and Sapho, and Socrates from the dead and make them speak in thrilling words to her classes. If she did not love Greece so much our college would have little chance of keeping her, for any American university would be lucky to have her as the head of its Greek department.

There is Miss Longenidou, an outstanding teacher of English. Using the direct conversational method of language study, she can hold the interest of thirty usually squirming children by the hour while they discuss with most limited vocabulary the size and shape of the objects in the class room, the weather, or the pleasures of shopping. She is a saint as well as a brilliant and vivacious teacher. The care of a blind mother absorbs most of her spare time and all her money. Her own health is none too good; yet her cheerfulness, her trust in God, her concern for other people's problems, and her lack of concern for her own, are unfailing. She finds time by the way, in an already over-crowded life, to be the mainstay of a little Protestant church in Athens, and to serve as head teacher in its Sunday school.

Another saint in the making is Miss Gounaris. Brought up by missionaries since the Greco-

Turkish war, when she fled with an aunt and a sister from the ruins of their home in the burning city of Smyrna, she is deeply conscious of her debt to the college, especially to Miss McCallum and Miss Mills who loved and cared for her for many years. Her ability as a caterer is much talked of in Athens. Hotel managers and heads of other schools, where food costs more and is less good, come to her for advice. She has been offered several far more lucrative posts, but she always refuses them. "I owe a great deal to this college" she says, "and I want to stay."

Then there is Miss Krokodilou ("daughter of the crocodile" the name means). Small, full of nervous energy, she is an ardent patriot and yet an internationalist. "While I was in Robert College for Women" she told me once, "I saw how much good the coöperative spirit, the high ideals and the efficiency of that college did for Turkey, and I never rested content until I got a chance to serve in the similar institution which you Americans have given Greece."

There are others too, on the staff, Americans, Greeks, Armenians, Russians and French whom there is not space even to name. But they too are glad to be in the community, and eager to be spent in its service. They too recognize the great principle which is the strength of missionary institutions that all are equal, that all are friends, and that all are servants in this world.

To-day this "beloved community" is somewhat scattered by

When the late Premier Metaxas visited Pierce College, Elleniko, Athens
Second from left, Miss Minnie Mills, president; third from left, Miss Krokodilou; fourth from left, Miss Gounaris; extreme right, Mrs. Tzortzakis.
See Miss McElroy's article for description of each

the war. A majority of the day students have had to withdraw because it is no longer possible to get transportation over the eight miles which separate the college from the capital. But some of the faculty continue to minister to those who are left, and conduct a Red Cross Relief Station in one of the college buildings. Others are doing volunteer social work (no paid posts being available) among the many destitute people who have trecked wearily south from war torn Albania and Northern Greece. Still others have left their mild southern home and are nursing the wounded in tents and box cars moving constantly behind the army through the snow-clad mountains to new blood-smeared battle fields.

But wherever they are they are thinking of the white college on the blue Aegean, and longing for the day when they may all be there once more, ready to face together the grave problems of reconstruction.

Who will soon forget the contributions made at the "Mid-Winter" by (left to right) Pattie Lee Coghill of Georgia and Florida; Laura Cross of North China; and Sam Coles of Galangue, West Africa?

So This Is Evanston!

By Dorothy P. Cushing

For many years I have often heard a cryptic phrase, "At the Mid-Winter Meeting in Evanston." *This* happened, *that* happened, *this* was planned, *that* was planned, *this* was decided after a big row, or *that* was accepted with equanimity—at the "Mid-Winter Meeting!"

I have asked what the Evanston meetings were like and received various responses. A glazed look has come into the eyes of some (I now know why!); others have gasped and said, "Why, haven't you ever been there? You really should go!" And a few braver souls have attempted (unsuccessfully so far as I was concerned) to explain the scope, purpose and achievements of the Mid-Winter meetings.

When, therefore, my Board felt that my education had been long enough neglected and decided to send me to the Mid-Winter Meeting in Evanston I accepted the assignment most seriously and went forth with a determination to find out what this thing called "The Evanston Meeting" might be.

I went, I saw, and I returned home filled with mingled feelings of delight, encouragement and disappointment.

I felt that an unusual spirit of harmony prevailed, not only in the different sessions, but in the very atmosphere of the First Congregational Parish House, which buzzed with activity during the entire meeting. This seems to me a really remarkable thing to be able to say of a gathering of strong-minded Congregationalists!

At the same time the meetings renewed in me an increasing conviction that the greatest asset of Congregationalism, its spirit of independence, or its rugged individualism, is at one and the same time its greatest liability. With a corps of strong-minded and amazingly talented and adequate leaders—in the General Council, in the different Boards, in the States and in the local churches—Congregationalism has at times resembled a tremendous mass of water flowing at great speed but somehow failing to allow itself to be adequately channeled so as to go over the falls at the right place in such united force as to turn the wheels of destiny in the way it might well do! A long sentence, but you get the point, I trust.

With the independent spirit which this typifies I have no argument, being possessed of the same myself, but I do wonder

if there could not be found somewhere the democratic equivalent of a "churchly authority" which other denominations accept and profit by. Congregational Christians get together but they get together *too separately*, so to speak for fully united action.

Our States-men

My biggest disappointment tied up with what seemed to me to be one of the most important units in the Congregational set-up just now: namely, the State Superintendents. I wanted (like nobody's business) to see these men whose titles are always associated in my mind in capital letters—you know, STATE SUPERINTENDENTS—I wanted to see them *all together in action.* I never did. I never saw them all together under any circumstances; and I didn't see as many as I wanted to separately. At least I did not see many of them in the sessions of the boards and other groups where I assumed they would be as interested in following what went on as anyone else.

When I hinted to one or two folks that I would like to sit in on a session of the State Superintendents, my goodness—I was greeted with almost horrified silence. To be frank, I felt as though I had said to a Japanese in the sacred and breath-taking ceremony of bowing before the Emperor's veiled picture: "Let's lift the veil and take just one little peek at His Majesty's face!"

What was that click? Oh, I know, the Editor getting out his big shears to cut my copy. So I hurry along. I did meet many old friends among the State Superintendents and made—I hope—some new ones.

Our Women Presidents

I attended as a most welcome guest the meetings of the State Women Presidents. It was there that I heard some of the finest statements and sensed the most inspiring spirit of the entire sessions. I felt those women must be a tremendous power in their own states and that the women in the churches had good reason to be exceedingly proud of them as their representatives.

The State Women Presidents worked hard. They not only attended their own sessions faithfully but they were present at the other meetings in large numbers, showing their catholicity of interest and their real awareness of themselves as a part of a world-wide picture. In a special session where each one told of her successes, her discouragements and her hopes for the future, I heard more real passion for the on-going of a liberal and progressive Church than I have heard in any other one meeting during I-do-not-know-how-many years.

After each president had

(*Please turn to page 41*)

William Caldwell in the woods

A Mighty Man among the Loggers

By Claton S. Rice

WILLIAM CALDWELL was born in Canada. He and five six-foot brothers came to Grays Harbor over forty years ago. The only roads in those days were the water ways. Timber, giant, dense and inexhaustible it seemed then, blocked all efforts to travel on wheels.

The Caldwells became sawmill men. They made and they lost much money. They were known all along as "square shooters."

The Christian group discovered William Caldwell. He became a lay preacher for them in Montesano, Washington. They did a good thing when they discovered him. Later, he, a strapping six-foot-two man, sold out his logging interests so that he might preach Christ to his fellow loggers. Christ had said, "Follow me," and what else could he do? He knew the loggers—all of them. They knew him and had confidence in him. So he had to preach!

He took up a place in the woods on the Wynoochee River, where his brave wife raised their family. He was at home—sometimes.

On foot, by boat, later by buggy over corduroy roads, at last by Ford, he traveled incessantly. Back—back into the woods, where the camps were pushing further and further into virgin timber, he went.

He saw ox logging go out. He saw skid logging come in. He saw river drives abandoned, as crude railroads were built by the carefree "gandy dancers." Then high lead logging, terrifying, devastating—but rapid, came. Logs, "falled" and then dragged in by powerful cables, bounding over rocks in mid-air, cutting down everything before them, leaving utter desolation behind, to be dumped on a "cold deck," or to be placed carefully and rapidly on waiting cars by skillful catfooted loaders —this is the way of rapid logging and timber exhaustion!

He saw crude bunk houses give place to movable ones resting on wheels, inadequately supplied dining tables transformed into dining halls serving gargantuan Paul Bunyan meals to famished loggers. He saw the supply of timber begin to fail. He knows that the next dozen years will see the near exhaustion of the virgin timber which produced the breed of men to whom he ministers.

Such Men! High climbers, who skurry like monkeys to the heights, to "top" trees selected for "spar" trees, and then to "rig" them as they tower one hundred and fifty to two hundred

The loggers call this "cold deck"

feet into the air! "Fallers" in the woods, shouting "Timber," when giants crash down the hillsides! "Buckers" at work, cutting the wood to proper lengths, "choker" men tying the cables to logs, donkey engines skillfully handled as the logs crash in, loaders placing them on the cars—every man in the woods from the foreman to the man who runs the logging train over the rickety tracks thrilling to the excitement and to the danger of it!

They destroy Gardens of Eden, that we may have lumber for our needs. They are hard-living, hard-working men, most of them, well organized into unions now, constantly facing the danger of death, not religious in outward expression, but artists at their work and proud of it.

Caldwell gets them—not so much into his services, and few into church membership, but in private conversation, facing personal problems with them, as father confessor to them, and as pastor, baptizing their babies, marrying their young, and burying their dead. He ranges from Montesano to the big Saginaw camp on North River, then to the coast at Westport, and out to the great Simpson Camp. They all love him and respect him!

Recently his Model T Ford refused to go longer. They took up a collection and bought him another Ford of later model. He will wear this one out, as he has others, and will buy his own gasoline to do it! He will journey thousands and thousands of miles, rendering the personal service which a loggers' chaplain has to give. Before he is called home, the timber will be exhausted and the breed of men to whom he ministers will be scattered. Probably no churches will grow out of his labors. But men, their children and their children's children, will call him blessed. We call him William Caldwell—the Christian.

Raising the "spar tree" 175 feet in the air

What the Church Means to Me

By

William S. Beard*

First Church, Oakland, Cal.

I BELIEVE in the Church; any kind of a church but especially the Church which does things our way. I believe in the Church of Cousin 'Gus (Dr. Augustus Field Beard); in the Church of my grandfather (Rev. Spencer Field Beard); in the Church of Uncle

*From a paper read by Dr. Beard before the Winthrop Club of Boston on October 28, 1940.

Spencer (Rev. Edward Spencer Beard); in the Church of my father (Rev. William Henry Beard). I believe in them all, and these all are one. How they, and it, loom today!

I believe the Church can succeed if it so desires. It does not need to succeed. It can fail if this is what it prefers. But no forces, not even those of the totalitarians, can successfully oppose it if the Church wills to the contrary. The real enemies of the Church are not without but within. They are its ignorance, its failure to recognize its own inherent potency, and its indifference. If the Church fails, it will be because it has chosen to fail. I look for its success.

I believe in preaching, even if one does it indifferently; the preaching for which one prepares alone in one's study, and yet not alone but surrounded by a group of one's people, notably one's men; the preaching which tends to make people at home in all the worlds there are, in all the ages there have ever been; the preaching which is warm of heart; the preaching which holds that people, especially men, are a royal lot. I refer to men among whom may be found many a Nicodemus constantly saying "How can these things be"; men who do not ask preachers to be easy with them, only that the preacher be really sure of his ground as he speaks; men who want to be confident as to the reality and the infinite care of God, about the worth of life, and whether it really is of any use for God to bother; men who when they leave the church want to go out with heads up, saying, "If what this man says is so, I can go on seven days more." I believe in preaching.

I believe people want help. I know they do not say so. They cannot talk, but in their heart of hearts they do desperately want help. So they go to church. So they present themselves Sunday after Sunday. So they listen. So they invite a fellow to their homes, hail him on the street, take him off with them on tours, hoping that in some way "virtue may come out of him."

I believe in the rewards of the ministry and that they are of eternal significance. No occupation is comparable with this calling in its ability to yield returns, good today, better tomorrow, and lasting always. No man can deflate these dollars. They are like the blue bird, available everywhere, not hidden and guarded in a Kentucky cave. They are, and will be, in constant circulation. Whatever the totalitarians may achieve these dollars will always be the medium of exchange. Draw upon them as you will, the supply will not wane.

Men of the Ministry, ours is the right of the line! What more could we ask?

Amid the Sights and Sounds of Bombay

By Mrs. Margaret Owen Thomas

THE hawkers on the streets of Bombay are incomparable. A man balances on his head a huge round basket, at least four feet in diameter, in which are packed dishes, cups with bright flowers, fancy glassware, crocks and china knickknacks. His call is antiphonal with that of the man from whose arms flow laces and ribbons of every hue. These are decorations for the full petticoats and camisoles, which are worn under saris, the graceful gown of Indian women.

I have been awakened at four in the morning by the call "Mee-ee-t mee-ee-eet," which is a coarse cooking salt. No one is troubled by the possibility of disturbing sleepers! Fruit vendors go up and down, baskets on heads, calling oranges, bananas, lemons, guavas, papaya.

Cold drink sellers have bells on their carts. At night a light in the center shines through the clear bottles. If you want a drink, the vendor shaves off some ice, puts it into a glass (rinsed in the pail hanging on the cart!) and pours in some syrup. Give him your *pice* (less than half a cent) and the drink is yours—for better or for worse! Those who have anything to sell shout it in the streets.

The people clothe themselves in draperies and robes, skirts, trousers, striped pajama pants. Men wear anything, but the women are much more conventional. Different communities have their own very special styles.

And what goes on indoors? Bombay housing ranges from the one-room tenements accommodating from one to five families to the spacious mansions of the wealthy in which a family and many relatives usually live. Bombay has grown a crop of architectural mushrooms in its modernistic apartment houses. In the modern dwellings housekeeping goes on about the same as it would in a Western home, only with Indian food. But 80 per cent of the people of Bombay live in one-room tenements. Here cooking is done squatting on the floor before a little charcoal fireplace. Pots and vessels are usually brilliantly polished brass. Most people eat with their fingers.

Imagine trying to make your baby sleep on schedule in such a setting. Imagine keeping all the relatives and friends from feeding your youngster anything they think it might like. Imagine trying to find a quiet corner where you can rest a bit from the

Blind girls grinding

hubbub of the neighbors and your own "room mates." Temperaments have to be different than in the West. The family dominates the individual. This is the reason for the mass movements in which groups turn to Christianity. Individualism is rare and difficult against the Indian background.

Last spring the management of the School for the Blind, founded in 1900 by the American Board, was transferred to a committee of Indian men and women of the Society for the Protection of Children of Western India. As this is an experiment, the situation will be reconsidered at the end of three years. But we have come to the place where there are Indian people who can and will shoulder the burden of progressive education and treatment of the blind. As a member of the committee I shall keep in close touch with the work.

We are most fortunate in having a Christian principal trained at Perkins Institution for the Blind and at Boston University. Religious instruction is given to Mohammedans, Hindus and Christians by their own teachers. As most of the books of the Bible are available in Marathi Braille, the Christian children read their Scriptures.

Last Christmas in the suburbs of Bombay among the very poorest people I found two blind children. One, a little girl of about eight years, screamed and clung to her mother when she knew I wanted to see her, fearing I was another doctor and would hurt her. When I got close enough to give her a garland, her face beamed. Her fingers were soon busy with the rose and jasmine petals. She told me excitedly that her sister had been married last month. She will soon be in our school. A boy of about six will come with her. His father is a day laborer doing coolie work, when he can get it. Neither of their families will be able to pay for the support and education of these children. Trained in our school they will not become beggars nor be useless.

Happy—After 31,411 Days

ANYONE who wants to know how to combine length of days with a cheerful disposition can learn much from our Ministerial Relief pensioners.

Behind a village church in a northern state is a little house, and back of that is a "littler" house where dwells a minister who celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday in December. All about are flowers. Age has not abated his animosity toward weeds or his love for nature's beauty. For him the combination of simple living and hard work has spelled happiness.

Mr. J, as we will call him, retired in 1928 at the age of 74 after twenty-three years of preaching in lumber and mining towns out on the edge of things, interspersed with periods of teaching, one of them at Lincoln Academy near Kings Mountain, North Carolina. Much of the time he lived on five hundred dollars a year, and yet raised three children, one of whom married a minister.

During his seventies Mr. J. had more energy than many younger men. He bought and remodelled a cottage near by his favorite church. He liked to gather contributions for the Christmas Fund. In 1930 he helped take the census and started a book on the relationship between religion and science, which he has continued to revise ever since in the endeavor to make it comprehensible to less agile intellects. He also celebrated his fortieth year of hay fever.

In 1934 he turned a shed into a "ground floor attic" which he could use as a detached study in the summer. To save fuel he consolidated his arrangements in the winter. "Our small heater will not suffice for the whole house, so I move my typewriter and certain books into the large room in the main house which is heated with wood. My wife has become used to the noise of the writing machine and is no more troubled with it than I am with the radio. In the summer I move outside again and this gives her more room for her quilting. Four years ago one of her quilts sold for twenty-five dollars. Quilting and knitting are for her what my flowers have been for me." Early on the morning of October 4, 1934, he figured out that he had lived for 29,142 days and thereby was entitled to classify himself with the "after sunset people."

During recent years Mr. J's income has hovered between three and four hundred dollars, the major portion coming from his ministerial relief pension, which for a few years was supplemented by a state old age assistance grant

which has since been discontinued. His only earnings have been a few cents now and then for flowers sold for the summer people. "For the most part I give them away," he writes. "Those I sell just about pay for the seeds."

When his wife died in 1936 he wrote, "The only way to get the better of loneliness is by hard work." His children did not feel that he should live alone, and so a son moved into the little house and he transferred his more personal belongings to the "littler" house. Of this he writes:

"My house is so small that I am compelled to sleep in what the pioneers would call a sort of bed-sink. This is all right in the summer, but the adjacent part of the house has for its only protection against the weather some inch board sheeting. On the inside there is neither plaster nor wall board—just nothing. I have plenty of blankets, but when the wind is blowing and the snow falling I cannot sleep well because of the flakes coming down upon my bed. Sometimes I even find it necessary to wipe snow from my face. I intend to borrow the ten or twelve dollars needed and buy some wall board so as to be prepared when the next storm comes. [A special check from the Christmas Fund took care of this.] I feel better when I work out of doors in pleasant weather. When my son is away I look after the fuel and shovel the snow away."

Flowers are his best friends

We Help the Friends in France

In a recent Bulletin of the American Friends Service Committee, a Quaker worker in France writes:

"Imagine how you would feel if you were in the position of the young French mother who told me she couldn't bear to look at her children any more, they were growing so thin and pale. She has not heard from her husband, who was in the army, and has no idea whether he is alive or dead or a prisoner. She works from nine to six every day in order to get almost, but not quite, enough money to live on. At night she struggles at home trying to keep her children clean with the ration of half a cake of soap per month for each member of her family.

"She receives a quarter of a liter of milk each day for each child, some of which she saves in order to try to make a little butter. Yesterday we were able to give her two small packets of vitamins, about 24 doses, for her children. She was so delighted that she put the packets on a table in front of her, where she fondled them, and gloated over them for nearly an hour; they were truly beautiful in their transparent wrapper. She said they were really too pretty and too precious to swallow—they were like jewels. Certainly diamonds and pearls are not valued so highly here now as these amber beads of vitamins."

Darkness has fallen upon the continent of Europe. We cannot know the thoughts or the problems of farmers in Denmark, of housewives in Holland, of Jews in Warsaw or of self-respecting workers in Norway and Czechoslovakia.

There is one country in the shadow in Europe today with which we still have some communication and whose desperate plight we can partially relieve. That country is France.

The Congregational Christian Committee for Assistance to War Victims has already raised and forwarded over $6000 to the American Friends Service Committee, the valiant group of Quakers who are struggling to feed babies and children, mothers and refugees in war-torn France. This amount will take care of 600 children for one month. Unfortunately, there are many thousands more needing help.

Unoccupied France, primarily a vineyard country, is unable, even in normal times, to feed its own population. Cut off from the more fertile occupied region and suffering from the blockade, many people will starve and a whole generation of children will suffer from malnutrition unless we in America give much more generously than we have in the past.

In various parts of France the American Friends Service Committee has established colonies of children, homes for delicate women, programs of supplementary rations in schools, refugee hostels, and distribution centers for clothing and medical supplies. Refugee trains are provisioned at all hours of the day and night. Medical supplies and food are supplied to hospitals and concentration camps.

Since the last war the Quakers have distributed relief in various parts of the world. With these years of experience and with their courage in overcoming all obstacles, the staff of 56 workers in France today can guarantee that relief will go to those individuals for whom it is intended. All administrative costs are carried by Quakers in this country. Thus, every dollar raised and given by Congregational Christian Churches goes directly to buy milk or clothing or medical supplies.

Our churches are *beginning* to be aware of the tragic need which this war has created. We are *beginning* to give. As we gather round our bountiful tables this Lenten season, may we remember the words of a letter of thanks which your Committee has recently received from the French Ambassador to the United States, Monsieur G. Henry-Haye:

"My country is suffering the most severe winter since 1842, has but very little bread, meat and milk and practically no butter, soap or oil.

"I express my thanks to the Congregational Christian Committee that has given me the opportunity of presenting the true situation of irreproachable France."

Contributions should be sent to:

Elbert A. Harvey, Treasurer
The Congregational Christian
Committee for Assistance to
War Victims
289 Fourth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

In addition to the American Friends, the organizations for which this Committee is raising money are: The Congregational Union of England and Wales; American Mission in Athens, Greece; Central Bureau for Relief of Evangelical Churches in Europe; International Missionary Council; Church Committee for China Relief; and the American Committee for Christian Refugees.

Foreign Flashes

Africa Helps

From Bailundo, Angola, West Africa, a beautiful letter and a sacrificial gift came to the American Board treasurer from Umbundu Christian women to sufferers from wars' horrors in Europe. The amount sent was $39. The letter said in part: "This news has brought us keenest sorrow. We wish we might help in some way. . . . This gift goes with our Christian love." The money came out of keenest poverty. The missionary who sent the letter for the women stated that she could not understand how it was possible for them to do this but that even in this difficult year they had refused to reduce their gifts to others. In addition the Bailundo Congregational church is carrying on some "foreign missionary work" of its own among the Esele tribes and has helped straitened Finnish missionaries who are working among the Kuanyama people.

"Mei Yu Fa Tzu"

Is the slogan of despair so well known to millions in occupied China. "There is no solution!" "The water in this village is very alkaline," commented Mr. Lui, co-worker with Harold W. Robinson of Tehsien, North China, as they ate their sparse lunch. It was a relief area. They learned then that a man had committed suicide the night before in the only good well, so the water could not be used. This man had pulled through a grim winter. His hopes were pinned on the wheat harvest. The rains failed. In the hot, dry wind his wheat died. He saw only starvation ahead and his courage broke. "To people who live in such an atmosphere it has been a comfort to learn that there are still those who care. The reputation of the Christian church has been greatly enhanced," says Mr. Robinson, referring to Relief gifts from American Christians.

Any Old Hymn Books?

A call for discarded hymn books comes from the Philippine Islands. Frank C. Laubach of Dansalan, Lanao, Philippine Islands, writes that they are very much in need of song books in quantities. He suggests that some churches may be buying new books and would be willing to send him the ones they discard. Some sent them by the late S. Parkes Cadman gave good service but have now gone like the "wonderful one hoss shay."

Thanks to America

Riding across country on his bicycle to visit a country church, Lewis L. Gilbert of Tungchow, North China, saw two small boys near a former flood refugee camp. They watched the queer white man closely. Mr. Gilbert felt sure he had seen them in the refugee camp. He smiled and said in Chinese, "Hello, boys." Their faces brightened. They rushed forward. "You're Pastor Gilbert, aren't you?" they cried eagerly. They had not at first been sure, for all Americans look alike to them just as Chinese often look alike to Americans. They overwhelmed Mr. Gilbert with politeness and kindness. They invited him to rest and have tea. They insisted on pushing his bicycle until he assured them he could make better speed riding! And so, after further talk about their parents, he went on. Thanks to gifts from American friends, possibly boys and girls, these two boys who so joyfully greeted "Pastor Gilbert," are today alive and happy.

Stepping Stones to Peace

Last Christmas, Edward H. Smith of Foochow, China, distributed more than 400 pairs of warm woolen wristlets made by Christian women in Connecticut for poor children and war orphans in China. He says, "Never will these cold little children forget the warmth of gratitude to these Christian friends in America which they felt on the birthday of Christ." There came also bags of clothing from friends in California. The gratitude of the poor in that war-torn country was touching. These are what Mr. Smith calls "Stepping stones to world peace."

"Friends Who Are Our Enemies"

A high tribute is paid to Pastor Ntuli of Chikore, East Africa, by Mr. and Mrs. John P. Dysart. "He is deeply spiritual and has a fine personality," they report. He has asked them to set aside every Monday night for prayers and a discussion of some of the great Bible themes. On one such night Mr. and Mrs. Dysart and Pastor Ntuli discussed the gravity of the situation in France and all Europe. Then this African pastor said, "No matter what misfortune comes my way I shall not lose faith in the fatherhood of God." This statement recalled to mind a prayer which he had made on another occasion, saying, "O God, help us to love our friends who are our enemies."

After Ten Years

WHAT THE CONGREGATIONAL CHRISTIAN MERGER MEANS TO THE FORMER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES

By Lucy Eldredge

SOME former Christian churches have changed their names. Others have not. But all know that a merger has taken place, that there is a new day. There have been changes to make, new practices to adopt in relationships with State Conferences and National Boards, new appeals, new names, new meetings to attend. Some "growing pains" are inevitable when those accustomed to the family spirit of a denomination with 100,000 members find themselves belonging to a church with a million members. Individuals, enthusiastic and skeptical, admit that the union has succeeded to the extent that the Congregational and Christian Churches have become one denomination within the short period of ten years. Leaders express amazement and gratification that so much that is wholesome in our church life could come in one short decade.

Something real has happened. Members of the two former bodies are worshipping and working together, often without noting differences in their church heritage. Last fall the Mid-West Regional Meeting made a pilgrimage to Tallmadge, one of the oldest Congregational Churches in Ohio, for a session on the rural church. They were welcomed by a young pastor whose entire experience up to three years ago had been among Christian Churches. There were two speakers, Roy E. Bowers, well known Congregational clergyman and Shirley Greene, Director of Merom Institute, a rural social action project centering in an old Christian Church College. And Shirley Greene came from a New Hampshire Christian Church. Few knew these facts. It was not the result of careful planning by the program committee. The merger had gone beyond that stage. The Congregational Christian Churches were in conference session. Members from both groups were ready with contributions needed. And all were concerned in what they had to say.

"You see I belonged to the former Christian Church group." I listened. It was the voice of a North Carolina delegate to the Mills National Council of the Pilgrim Fellowship. I had not known her local church membership. It was evidence that "These are *Congregational Christian* young people, looking ahead, not caring whether one belonged to a Congregational or a Christian Church group ten years ago!"

"As the youth of the Congregational Christian Churches . . ." the voice of the young man from Minnesota went on to set forth some responsibility of the youth of our churches. And I thought. There never was a Christian Church of our group in that state. But he was a Congregational Christian. Through his voice and service, the principles and ideals of both bodies will go on in the world, whether the present deacons of his church know very much about the merger or not.

There has been a merger. There is a growing Congregational Christian Church. But what would many members of the former Christian churches say today after ten years? I decided to ask them. A bundle of post cards went into the mail. The answers came. I have learned a lot, for every reply has had a point worth studying. I know these men and women. Most of them voted for the union at the General Convention in 1929. Some are ministers, others laymen and women. They live in many parts of the United States. A summary of their replies is not easy, but I find five answers to the question: "What has the merger meant to the Christian Church?"

First, there is joyful satisfaction in the "achievement of a century old passion for some practical steps in the direction of church unity." Many would agree with the man who said simply: "We preached union. We

The Christian Temple at Norfolk, Virginia

The oldest of the former Christian Churches is at Cane Ridge, Kentucky

have worked at it. It works." "The feasibility of union has been demonstrated." "A high ideal has been achieved." The merger is the "fulfillment of an age of preaching." Many hope this merger is but one step toward a wider unity among many churches. There is a general feeling that denominations can unite, if they really desire to pay the price to do so. The members of the former Christian Church continue to believe in Christian union, and their confidence in its practicability has increased.

Second, there is a hearty appreciation expressed for the wider fellowship of the united church, for new friends, and for state contacts. There were tributes to "rare personalities" in Congregational leadership. "I would not have missed this increased fellowship for a great deal," writes a young minister. "I'm just as strong for the merger as I ever was"—the writer was in the youth group when the vote was taken. "The united body is experiencing a new birth of Christian fellowship and power" is the opinion of an older man. Vision, inspiration, desires to serve have been positive outcomes of this wider fellowship. There is a wistful note here and there too. "It has not meant very much to me but as a whole it has meant a lot to our church. We do not have the same fellowship." "I long for many among the Congregational leaders to know more of the heritage of the Christian

church" reveals more than a criticism in passing. It is a longing for a common ground on which fellowship may be built. And that common ground is none other than that which has been present time and time again in the appreciation of each group for the other, for appreciation must always accompany genuine fellowship.

Third, the opportunity to share in a world-wide missionary program is mentioned by many. The former Christian Churches, many, many of them, rejoice in the knowledge that "we" have work in China, India, Africa, the Philippines, the Near East, as well as in Japan, and that young people from the former Christian Churches are at work in these lands today. The widened scope of the home mission program has its appeal, and the service of the Home Board has strengthened the work of many a former Christian Church. It must be confessed that sometimes former Christian Church members have not acquired a deep sense of responsibility for the missionary program of the united churches. The intimate note of a time when the foreign missionaries, as well as the home, were all personal friends is gone. Something must grow. It is growing. It is something for the former Christian Churches to cultivate in the second decade of the merger. There is evidence that it will come.

Fourth, the merger has brought to ministers and congregations of former Christian Churches many new resources and opportunities. The national and state organizations, with "kindly supervision" were mentioned. The leadership, a wider choice of printed materials, a program with higher goals and new privileges for training and youth activity—all were mentioned with appreciation. The opportunities open to the younger ministers in a larger church, together with the incentive for adequate preparation for their work, are assets.

Fifth. "Every change brings gains and losses." This quoted statement is a prelude to varied opinions. There are those who feel that the net result of the merger has been that the Christian Church has lost its identity, has been absorbed in a larger church. Others believe "The principles of the Christian Church are more clearly before the world today than ever before, as a result of this merger." "There is a danger of a loss of that freedom and liberty in religious positions which characterized our church" is the opinion of a man too thoughtful to be ignored. "There is less evangelistic zeal in the church" said some, while one of the oldest ministers asserts: "The merger has opened quite a number of closed churches, put on a larger program, given a new vision of service and started some new churches." "A skeptic believes" writes one man,

while another warns, "We need to preserve the essentials of our faith which are threatened by the merger."

Opinions are affected to some extent by geography. Those who have shared actively in a Congregational Christian state program are more enthusiastic than those in more isolated places, or sections where there were few or no former Congregational churches. Some smaller churches feel out of touch with the denomination, while others find the state fellowship helpful, and a substitute, they say, for the national fellowship they enjoyed before. "It is good for the churches and individuals which have coöperated" is the common sense practical observation on the merger, writes one minister.

These answers are "red lights" of warning. The test of the success of the merger ultimately will be in terms of how far the united church is a new church, with more to offer the world than either the Congregational or the Christian Churches could have offered alone.

Suppose the delegates of the former Christian Churches could meet again today at Piqua. Suppose they could vote again on the merger, with all the events of the past ten years to guide them. What would happen? I believe the "Ayes" would be louder. I know there would be some who would wonder, and some who would question, and others would come instructed to vote "no." But, on the whole, I believe that the vote would be in the affirmative and even more enthusiastic than a decade ago. I am confident that the singing of "Blest Be the Tie that Binds," which had so much meaning for many of us on that fall afternoon in 1929, would have much more significance today. It would carry us into the world with new vision, with new friends, with greater resources for a more adequate local church program, with work to do and a will to do it. This first decade has been a beginning in a period of changes to be made, new customs to adopt, new ventures to be made. The former Christian Churches, I believe, enter the second decade with a desire to share in the development of a truly united church program which will meet world needs.

After reading the replies of my friends, and thinking about their experiences and mine, there seems to be just one sentence which will sum them all up. I need to use a favorite expression of my grandfather's, "one thing and another," and the minister's "by and large." By and large, the merger has meant one thing and another to our former Christian Churches, and it has been good for us.

Next month "What the Merger Has Meant to the Congregational Churches" by John R. Scotford.

Light Unto My Path

A Worship Service compiled by
Mrs. Wm. F. Hastings, Middlebury, Vermont

(A number of church groups are basing study programs on the Bible itself or on "The Bible in Recent Literature." This service is arranged for use with such programs.)

As a worship center, one might use the open Bible, with lighted tapers on either side. On small side tables a display of recent books on the Bible may be arranged. Remove paper covers and use book ends to make it attractive.

MEDITATION—How many ages and generations
Have brooded and wept and agonized
Over this Book.
What untellable joys and ecstasies,
What support to martyrs at the stake!
To what myriads has it been
The shore and rock of safety—
The refuge from the driving tempest and wreck.
Translated into all languages,
How it has united this diverse world!
Of its thousands there is not a verse,
Not a word but is thick-studded
With human emotion.

Lines from Whitman.

HYMN—O Word of God Incarnate—*first stanza.* (Pilgrim Hymnal 421)

SCRIPTURE—Psalm 119; 105, 129–136, 144.

LEADER'S MESSAGE—A brief message may be based on these words from Ruskin:

> "All books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour and the books of all time,"

or the leader may show how current literature mirrors contemporary life. It reflects its difficulties and reveals its possibilities. Harry Emerson Fosdick has said:

> "When one considers how reading seeps in through all the cracks and crannies of our days, and what power there is in books to determine our views of life, it is plain that the quality of a man's reading is one of his foremost responsibilities.

PRAYERS OF GRATITUDE—

Leader: For those who in ancient times preserved in words their noblest thoughts and aspirations,

Response: We give thanks unto Thee, O God.

Leader: For those who in olden days perceived virtue and power in the lives of men and women, and made for us enduring stories,

Response: We give thanks unto Thee, O God.

Leader: For those learned in languages who have enabled us to read these sacred books in our own tongue,

Response: We give thanks unto Thee, O God.

Leader: For those scholars who never cease in their quest for new light to cast upon old documents,

Response: We give thanks unto Thee, O God.

Leader: For those travelers who visit the Lands of the Bible and make the past to live again, for themselves—and for us,

Response: We give thanks unto Thee, O God.

Leader: For those masters of words who have loved Abraham and Moses, David and Saul, Joseph and Jeremiah, the Marys,

Paul, and many another, and have endowed them with new life on the printed page,

Response: We give thanks unto Thee, O God.

Leader: For all those who could not lay down their pens until they had retold for themselves, and for us, the unmatched story of Jesus of Nazareth.

Response: We give thanks unto Thee, O God.

In Unison: O Thou whose Spirit hast ever breathed upon the Word, revealing Thy truth to us, grant us in this day to heed the sound of Thy voice, as it comes to us through these writers. May we turn again and again to the Bible that it may be a light unto our path.

HYMN: O Word of God Incarnate—*Stanzas 2, 3 and 4.*

CLOSING PRAYER

"O Holy Spirit of God, visit now this soul of mine, and tarry within it until eventide. Inspire all my thoughts. Pervade all my imaginations. Suggest all my decisions. Lodge in my will's most inward citadel and order all my doings. Be with me in my silence and in my speech, in my haste and in my leisure, in company and in solitude, in the freshness of the morning and in the weariness of the evening; and give me grace at all times to rejoice in Thy mysterious companionship. 'My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame' . . . Leave me not, O Gracious Presence, in such hours as I may today devote to the reading of books or of newspapers. Guide my mind to choose the right books and, having chosen them, to read them in the right way. When I read for profit, grant that all I read may lead me nearer to Thyself. When I read for recreation, grant that what I read may not lead me away from Thee. Let all my reading so refresh my mind that I may the more eagerly seek after whatsoever things are pure and fair and true . . . Through Jesus Christ my Lord. Amen." *From John Baillie's "Diary of Private Prayer" used by permission Charles Scribner's Sons.*

These leaflets issued by the Commission on Evangelism, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City, will be helpful for the leader in preparing a message:

The Devotional Use of the Bible
A Year with the Bible
The Bible in the Home

We Share with the Greeks

GREECE is both one of the oldest and one of the newest mission fields of the American Board. In 1830 Jonas King, one of our earliest missionaries, began work in Greece. Although the mission was soon abandoned, a small Greek Protestant church has survived through the years.

Not until 1922, at the close of the Turkish-Greek war, did our missionaries resume work under the Greek flag. At that time a large number of Anatolian Greeks and Armenians fled from Asia Minor. About a million took refuge in Greece. Some of the missionaries who had ministered to them in their old homes followed them to their new. At first our workers assisted in bringing relief to refugee camps in the vicinity of Athens and Saloniki. As churches were organized or reconstituted our missionaries sought to give them guidance and inspiration. When it became apparent that these people would be compelled to remain in Greece for some years, primary schools were set up for their children.

Two mission schools followed their constituencies from Turkey to Greece. Anatolia College moved from Marsovan to Saloniki (the Thessalonica to which Paul wrote his epistles). With it was merged a school which had been established in 1914 for Bulgarian refugees. Under the leadership of first George White and later of Ernest Riggs Anatolia College has prospered. Although closely related to the work of the American Board, it is governed by a separate board of trustees and receives no direct financial aid from our churches.

In a similar way the teachers at the American Collegiate Institute for Girls in Smyrna were forced to leave Asia Minor with the burning of Smyrna in 1922. They went to Greece and spent a year in relief work. Their former students and alumnae asked that they open a school in Athens. The result was the establishment of American Junior College for Girls at Old Phaleron, outside of Athens, which has now grown into the Pierce College at Ellenikо, a suburb of Athens.

These refugee institutions have gradually become rooted in Greek life. Through the years many of the Armenians have migrated to other lands, but between fifty and sixty thousand remain, about ten per cent of whom are Protestants. The repatriated Greeks have been

largely absorbed into the land of their fathers. Our missionaries coöperate heartily with both the Evangelical and the Orthodox churches in the endeavor to strengthen the religious life of Greece.

With the invasion of Greece by the Italians last fall normal life came to an end. The public schools closed. Anatolia College was taken over by the government for use as a military hospital, while Pierce College was assigned as a place of refuge for the American legation and the American colony at Athens, although as yet it has not been put to this use. A Red Cross station has been established in the basement of Pierce Hall. The college stands ready to turn over any buildings which may be needed for hospital or other use. Our missionaries are reported as safe and busy.

If Greece continues as an independent nation, the future of these schools is bright. The readiness of the missionaries to coöperate with the government in every way has won an increasing degree of official good will and popular esteem. One of the results which can be expected from the present period of stress is that they will be accepted as an integral part of Greek life. Through them it will be the privilege of our churches to share effectually in the life of this ancient but sturdy land.

The Apportionment Gains

The total giving of our churches through the Apportionment for the American Board, the Board of Home Missions, the Council for Social Action and the state conferences totalled $1,312,093 in 1940 which is a gain of $4,911 or 1.11% over 1939.

The following states achieved significant gains:

Hawaii	24.7%	Maine	4.1%
Colorado	21.5%	Vermont	3.9%
German churches	19.8%	Kansas	3.3%
Rhode Island	12.6%	Michigan	3.2%
North Dakota	9.7%	Oregon	2.9%
Iowa	7.4%	Washington	2.1%
Montana	5.9%	Nebraska	1.8%
Ohio	5.8%	Pennsylvania	1.4%
South Dakota	5.8%	Minnesota	1.2%
Illinois	4.8%		

Camera News

By

Dorothy P. Cushing

★

ZULU MEDITATION

Or it may be shyness, but at any rate this face is worth studying. She is a Zulu woman, either married or engaged, opines Dr. James B. McCord. Since her picture was sent without comment by Dr. Alan B. Taylor, superintendent of the McCord Zulu Hospital in Durban, South Africa, we assume she was a hospital or dispensary patient—at least a visitor for some reason. If we ever get a better story about her from "Doc" Taylor we will let you know!

HAIL THE M. F. S.

The Maranaw Folk School, Mindanao, Philippine Islands, marched in the Commonwealth Day Parade and won second prize. Yes, that is Dr. Frank C. Laubach, all in white.

In 1903 when the Philippines field was divided by the Evangelical Union this large, wild Mindanao was given into the care of the American Board. Today, with Mindanao being opened up like our West in Covered Wagon times, there falls on the Congregational Christian Churches and their missionaries the full impact of the immigrant invasion of Mindanao. The population of the Island has trebled in 20 years. It's like a kind of blitzkrieg, says Dr. Laubach, and "he who blitzes hardest wins this krieg."

GOODBYE!

After over 40 years of loving service in India William and Florence Hazen, District missionaries from Sholapur, come home to retire.

Here Mr. Hazen is saying goodbye for the last time to the children of the village of Mohol.

The Hazens' work has been varied. They developed a unique "traveling ashram" with Indian co-workers. This "camped out" near villages for weeks at a time. It taught the Christian message; sold Gospels; treated the sick; conducted literacy classes.

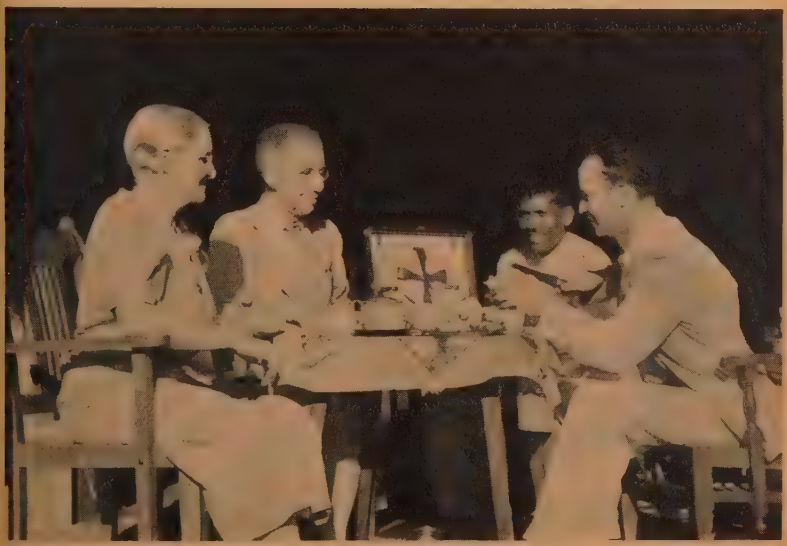
THE ASHRAM

Smiling faces show the spirit of this group. Mrs. Hazen in rear.

The Hazens worked with the Lepers.

They have been directing the Christa Seva Mandir, a Christian Social center in Sholapur.

Below are Mr. and Mrs. Hazen, Loy Long of Ahmednagar, and Rev. N. R. Pandit, eating breakfast at a Travelers bungalow near a village. The Hazens are expected in America the last of March. So the Marathi mission, of which Mr. Hazen was Chairman, says Godspeed to two beloved workers.



Pinocchio

Charlestonians Are Proud

BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA

PINOCCHIO thinks well of himself. Who wouldn't with a shiny badge, a white belt and the authority to tell other people when to stop and when to go?

Pinocchio is proud to be a student in Avery Institute. Both his father and his mother went there before him and sat on the very same benches in which he

squirms during class time. The Negro public schools of Charleston are better than in the days of his parents, but they are not good enough to suit Pinocchio. He's only in the practice school where the girls learn to teach, but he hopes to go on through high school and then to college. Negro boys and girls in Charleston know that if they want to climb the educational ladder that the place to start is Avery, because its credits are good and "put you right into college."

Another reason why Pinocchio likes Avery is that it gives him a good excuse to walk right down some of the best streets in Charleston on his way to school. Old mansions, some of them surrounded by old-timey gardens, bring back the glories of the past. One of these fine old houses is now the home of Avery's principal.

Like nearly everything else in Charleston, Avery's buildings are old. In most parts of the world they would have been replaced long since, but Charleston has a tenderness for antiques. The yard is well shaded, and the front steps are ancient but honorable, but the inside gives evidence of terribly hard usage. Thousands of young feet have worn the stairs. When school is in session the place is alive with young people. The woodworking shop and the coöperative store the students run are in the basement, while the younger children have their classrooms in some dismal buildings in the back yard. If it is to do as well in the future as in the past, Avery should have some new buildings, probably where there is more room for playgrounds.

Pinocchio is also proud of Avery's principal and his wife—Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. DeCosta. Mrs. DeCosta looks like a school girl and her husband does not appear much older. He grew up in Charleston and she in Savannah. He is a graduate of Avery, which means that he really "belongs." They make the school seem young, even though it is 75 years old. Everybody plays with a will and studies the same way. Smiles abound. When the school has a program everybody wants to come.

As it is right on the road to Florida, Charleston has many winter time visitors. Some of these visit Avery. They find little to see, but when they hear the school sing their ears and hearts are happy. Avery is a place where everybody sings, and enjoys it.

The Board of Home Missions is also proud of Avery's achievements over the years, only it wishes that it could give it the new suit of clothes which it so richly deserves. A number of private Negro secondary schools are needed in the South to set the pace for the increasing number of public Negro high schools. With proper equipment Avery could well serve this function.

African Weekends

BOUND for a conference of Ndau Christian women, Mrs. John S. Marsh of Mt. Silinda, East Africa, alighted from a lorry on the edge of the jungle. She found only a Dutch farmer with his donkey cart. Somewhat embarrassed at having a lady passenger, although one with whom he was acquainted, the farmer apologized profusely for his rig while Mrs. Marsh clambered over the front wheel of a rickety cart drawn by one good sized mule and three small donkeys.

"Do you think we will get to your house before sunset?" she asked.

The Dutchman was somewhat doubtful, but he pushed his astonished donkeys and mule to such a degree that they became tangled with one another going down hills. From the farm Mrs. Marsh had three miles further to go. A small boy went ahead with her bag and showed her the way. She arrived before sunset. Many of the women were already established with their blankets and food. In the moonlight the women sang and worshiped, and the next morning, bright and early, they gathered for a service addressed by Mrs. Marsh in their native tongue. Because many of these women had to walk ten miles before dark carrying their babies on their backs, the meeting broke up early in the day.

Another weekend was devoted to the dedication of the rebuilt church at Mt. Silinda. Both Europeans and Africans shared in the speaking. A Ndau mother said, "Here in this church our children were baptized and married—we are thankful for this new church."

A very different weekend was spent by Mr. and Mrs. Marsh on a big tea estate. Before a large group of boys and young men Mr. Marsh discussed the possibilities of starting Boy Scouts or Pathfinders and later met a number of inquirers. In a similar meeting presided over by Mrs. Marsh a woman asked, "What should a Christian woman do when her husband takes a second wife and backslides? Should she leave him or stay by the house and her children?" If a Ndau couple separate, the man keeps the children.

In the evening hundreds gathered to see motion pictures, only to find that the light bulb in the machine had been burned out or jarred so that it would not work. Some of the edge was taken off their disappointment when the manager of the tea plantation brought his large radio. Later they sang hymns and native songs.

On the following morning, which was Sunday, Mr. Marsh baptized fifteen new Christians and received fifteen others into

full membership in the church. With one exception, all were young men and boys.

On Monday the Marshes started off on the rocky road down the Sabi Valley where the curious baobab, or cream of tartar trees, grow. An overcast sky partially shielded them from the burning rays of the sun, yet the heat was intense. Before they reached the little church and school at Mutema they could hear singing. More than 300 children and grown-ups were waiting patiently for the American missionaries to arrive.

Quickly Mrs. Marsh arranged the Communion table and poured the wine into the individual aluminum cups while everyone who could possibly do so crowded into the little whitewashed mud hut with its thatched roof. It was very, very hot. Seated on the edge of the platform surrounded by children, Mrs. Marsh could hardly draw a deep breath. When the service started she forgot her physical discomfort in the joy of watching the eagerness of the congregation. They sang with great enthusiasm for more than an hour. There was communion and reception of members.

Later under a big tree Mrs. Marsh encouraged the somewhat disheartened women by telling them what other women were

Villagers of the Mt. Silinda area

Photo by Arthur J. Orner

Photo by Arthur J. Orner

An African School—and the children

doing. In the evening she preached to a congregation gathered before the lights of their automobile, and then watched the people listen to their portable radio. A lad had climbed into a baobab tree and attached an aerial. This grotesque tree with its wrinkled gray bark, its huge trunk and twisted branches, was silhouetted against the evening sky. The searchlight from the car picked out the circle of dark faces bending over the tiny box with Mr. Marsh in the center. In the front row the eyes of the littlest ones shone with wonder—for out of that little box came voices and music from places many days' march away. Although Mr. Marsh explained it to them, it was really only more of the white man's magic.

That night the Marshes sank into slumber, weary from their trip and the series of meetings, while "things" crawled about in the grass and under their cot and rustled overhead.

"I woke when the moon rose and shone in my eyes!" writes Mrs. Marsh. "It was still hot. I heard from far away a thud, thud and wondered sleepily if it was a dance but decided it was the stamping of mealies for food. It is so hot that they must work in the night."

And then back home to Mt. Silinda, weary but thankful for the opportunity of helping these small groups of isolated Christians.

So This Is Evanston!

(*Continued from page 8*)

spoken, a woman from another state prayed for her and her work. In almost every instance, they prayed for a stretching out of the boundaries of understanding to all nations, and I came to feel somehow that perhaps women, after all, were instinctively the real internationalists.

As I saw these women at work in Evanston, realizing that they were tackling the same problems in the same churches as the State Superintendents, I wondered why the two groups never met together for at least one session where they might confront their problems unitedly. I ventured this idea timidly—but no one knew the answer—so it died "aborning."

Perhaps my keenest disappointment was in the fact that comparatively few persons attended the open sessions of the American Board, the Home Board, the Council for Social Action and the Missions Council—unless they had to be there for some official reason. Probably this comes from a mistaken idea which I had that at Evanston not only were separate meetings held but that each and all minds were supposed to focus on the various problems of the different boards at their sessions. But I found only a small contingent present while others drifted in and out—a most annoying thing for those trying to listen—or went into separate small committee meetings or held bull sessions in the halls.

Saint Douglas

Dr. Douglas Horton, Minister and Secretary of the General Council, was Chaplain of the

This Parish House of Hugh Elmer Brown's church in Evanston is a veritable Vatican of the Church Congregational Christian. Here we all get our Marching Orders

meetings. I felt he was given the tag end of time for devotions. I would wish that short periods at strategic points could have been allotted him for the thing which he is able to do so beautifully. Dr. Horton has a genius for taking hold of the thing where he finds it and lifting it out of the common place into the spiritual realm without any creaking of the earthly bones. Nevertheless, I think the beautiful ministry which is his should be given a more dignified place in such meetings.

It is really amazing sometimes to discover how little Congregationalists and Christians know about their own set-up. I had the very real pleasure of telling one about the beautiful symbol designed by Dr. Horton for pastors—a symbol of unity—and I wondered then why laymen and women church leaders might not be given a similar significant symbol.

I found out why so many folks look glazed in the eyes when you say "Evanston." It is because in addition to the regular sessions, committees and special groups are eternally meeting. They "committee" at breakfast, they "committee" before breakfast, they "committee" at dinner, at lunch and after the evening sessions. You may stumble over them anywhere at midnight or at sunrise. Personally, I do not see why some of them bother about hotel rooms, a few sleeping bags and a knapsack and they could camp where they are and save the denominational budget heaps! If anyone thinks the Evanston meetings are a joy ride for these folks—and I have heard tell some do—take it from me it is not so. Whatever *comes out* of Evanston a powerful lot of work and prayer and energy *goes in*.

Some High Spots

But what were the definite high spots, you ask. I can't begin to tell all. But take a few, for example—Mary Darling White's lovely story of Old Mother Hubbard, illustrating her Friendly Service Department; Sam Coles' thrilling and human tale of work in Galangue, Africa; Dr. Obenhaus and the vital tale of Pleasant Hill; Miss Laura B. Cross with a challenging message from China.

Dr. William F. Frazier's stirring appeal in a session of the Home Board for work around the military camps to help Congregational boys of whom there will be some 20,000 in training, seemed to me one of the major challenges of the day. While Congregationalists plan to protect the sincere conscientious objectors—and rightly so—should it not put at least an equal amount of energy into protecting the souls of their boys in military camps?

Dr. David Gray gave a challenging presentation of the fine work being done in the colleges

but at the same time stressed the utter inadequacy of the work in view of the number of Congregational Christian students—around 60,000—in the universities, colleges and other training schools of the country.

I was thrilled by the Pilgrim Fellowship. I think this movement the most hopeful and significant in the whole Church. I like the way these young people are taking hold of the whole job. They refuse to allow their boundaries to be set within this country. Right at the start they are reaching out to a world fellowship. They have able leaders among themselves and are peculiarly fortunate in such secretarial leadership as is illustrated by Miss Lucy M. Eldredge.

At the Church Extension Division luncheon I had another wonderful time. I met two or three new superintendents and found them delightful persons. I heard youth speak of the work camp venture and the ever charming Patty Lee Coghill tell in her inimitable style of work in Georgia. An especially dramatic story was told by Superintendent Herman H. Lindeman of Oklahoma and Louisiana about the unique pioneering work of Paul Leeds and Seth Baggett.

The Fellowship Dinner on Monday night was the one time where I felt perfectly satisfied that practically everyone was accounted for! Dr. Adolf Keller, Honorary Lecturer for the World

In the belfry of the First Congregational Church of Evanston there hangs a lantern dedicated Christmas Sunday, December 22, 1940—It is the result of a six-year "labor of love" by Mrs. Charles L. Johnson and her Women's Guild committee. The story of the financing of the lantern is a fascinating one

Council of Churches, and holding I-don't-know-how-many other important posts, whose headquarters are in Switzerland, painted the heart-breaking scene of the suffering European churches. Dr. Keller was a delightful person to meet. He devoted nearly half an hour prior to the banquet telling me what could be given to the press about his speech. The most interesting thing was that when he came to make the speech very little of what he gave me went into it.

Professor Pauck

The Council for Social Action had a fine session. There were a few fireworks on the question of conscientious objectors but just as they seemed to be getting really spectacular, the time for talk was up. 'Tis ever thus! Some day I hope to attend a meeting where everyone can talk, not only until he is warmed up, but until he cools down again. Just at the peak of excitement the chairman always rules that "the time to be devoted to this subject is now past."

The Council for Social Action also had a highly interesting luncheon with Dr. Wilhelm Pauck of the staff of Chicago Theological Seminary as the speaker. His address on "Europe and the German Problem" was full of meat and most thought-provoking—if I may use that much abused phrase. His interpretation of the German mentality or "the search for the German soul" was highly informing. Unfortunately the presiding officer did not think it was "fitten" to have the Professor asked questions after the address except as you went up to him personally. Being of a practical mind I had been looking forward to the question period.

The War and the Work

The last session of the meetings was an American Board seminar under the able and inspiring leadership of Miss Ruth I. Seabury on the subject "What is the War Doing to the Work of the American Board?" This was exceedingly timely and I was sorry that it came when many delegates had gone home or had to leave before the seminar concluded. This seemed the kind of thing, in dramatic days like these, that should command the attention of all the Church's representatives for it is mostly through their fellow Christians in all parts of the world that Congregational Christians can feel themselves a vital part of the great currents sweeping through Asia, Africa and the Near East today.

The comment was made to me after the seminar that it seemed to have "a war psychosis," i.e., that the American Board seemed to have accepted it as inevitable that there would be war with Japan. This was definitely most unfortunate and not in line with the case as anyone can testify who has gone through with the American Board the last four years or so of suspense and growing tension. Both secretaries and missionaries have fought the idea of the "inevitability of war" as violently as the British are fighting Hitler! But they have been forced, inch by inch, into the position of planning their work with an "if." Bitter experience in past international tragedies has taught them what wishful thinking can

do and they do not want to be caught in the same trap again.

To Hugh Elmer & Co.

At Evanston I was impressed deeply by the way in which the First Church ran like a well oiled machine. No confusion. Complete cordiality from Dr. Hugh Elmer Brown, the minister, and his remarkable staff. I am sure that, like any big church with a regular program to keep going, these good people must have sighed with relief when the last delegate pulled out of Evanston, but never once did I see anything but smiling friendliness and a most hearty coöperative spirit. They are great folks out there in Evanston!

The Missions Council handled its business with dispatch and acumen under the witty and efficient chairmanship of Dr. Vaughan Dabney. They passed their budget of $91,543 and elected new officers as follows: Chairman: Rev. A. D. Stauffacher of Lansing, Michigan; Vice-Chairman: Mrs. Leslie R. Rounds of Mahwah, New Jersey; Secretary: Rev. Fletcher C. Lester, Elon College, North Carolina; and Treasurer: William T. Boult of New York City. Various members of the Joint Staff reported ably on the work of the year.

One of the richest memories of a Mid-Winter Meeting at Evanston is this beautiful painting by Albert Hichens entitled "Legend of the Christmas Rose"

I would like especially to mention Miss Mildred C. Widber of the Christian Education Division because of the tremendous importance of her work with, and for, the children of the churches.

A Successor to Outerbridge?

Perhaps the item which caused the most discussion in the Missions Council was whether or not the Ad Interim Committee should be instructed to push rapidly ahead with the matter of securing a new Promotional Secretary, to take the place left vacant over a year ago by Mr. Outerbridge. During the interim the work has been carried by the Cabinet and the Joint Staff with Mrs. William H. Medlicott, Associate Executive Secretary, doing a man's job—I might even say two men's jobs—and doing them well. I am glad that I am not a member of the committee which must decide upon the type of man to be secured, because after listening to the various discussions from different points on the floor I came to the conclusion that nothing less than the Angel Gabriel, with perhaps a sprinkling of St. Francis of Assisi and Billy Rose, could fill the post suggested.

The Joint Staff of the Missions Council presented the challenge to corporate Christianity which is made today by corporate secularism all over the world. It recalled that though we have seen our total apportionment giving since 1934 drop 4.73 per cent, or $72,144, it yet made a gain for the past year of $14,394 or 1.11 per cent. It recommended to the Missions Council no less than fifteen recommendations, all of which were adopted with harmony and aplomb.

The Debt of Honor

Another issue which came before the meetings was the appeal of the Debt of Honor which needs some $100,000 more annually for ten years. The spirit with which the Boards met this appeal was a very good test of the genuineness of the spirit of unity and coöperation which reigned at Evanston.

To conclude: taken in the large, my impressions of Evanston were of a group of well trained, consecrated, highly efficient people, men and women, from the laity and the clergy, short on sleep and long on ideas and talk. The amount of work done, things achieved for the good of the Kingdom, new ventures started and potential power waiting for a chance to move through to the churches, was to me stimulating and a joy forever.

If only somehow this could get down into the individual church pew undiluted!

"Today we find war awakening a new realization of the world's need of Christianity." ***From the Mid-Winter Meeting.***

Personals

Rev. and Mrs. Arthur G. Swartz of San Antonio, Texas, have recently welcomed a young son.

Rev. E. R. Bellingham began services in the Glasgow, Montana, church early in January. He went to Glasgow from the Richmond Beach, Washington, church where he served about eight years. Mr. Bellingham has also served churches in Colorado. He is a Canadian by birth and had his theological training at the Garrett Biblical Institute and Northwestern University.

Rev. William M. Oakes is the new pastor of the Bethel Church of Edmonds, Oklahoma. Mr. Oakes has served pastorates in other Oklahoma churches and also in Missouri. He is a native of Tennessee; was educated at Pleasant Hill and Vanderbilt University. He was ordained in 1916.

Rev. G. J. Thomas of the Wentz Memorial (Congregational) Church at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, has been chosen as one of the Negro representatives upon the Inter-Racial Committee of that center by the chairman, State Senator Gordon Gray. He has also been elected treasurer of the North Carolina State Conference.

With the announcement of his appointment to the Oberlin-Shansi Fellowship for 1941, **Robert J. Porter** begins his duties as the new Shansi Representative. Born and brought up in Oberlin, he brings to the position a wealth of experience both in the United States and in Europe. Graduating from Oberlin High School in 1936, he entered Oberlin with the Class of 1940, but illness made it necessary for him to withdraw for one semester, and he finishes his work as a member of the Class of 1941. He won his Varsity "O" in football, and was active in the Camera Club, the Bike Club, and the Cosmopolitan Club.

As soon as details of transportation are worked out, and permission secured from the State Department, Bob Porter will be on his way to Chin T'ang, Szechewan, West China, as the latest member of Oberlin's long list of Shansi Representatives.

He will join Mel Kennedy, Ellsworth Carlson, Virginia Shultz, and Bobbie Dunn in that part of Free China where, through a middle school and an industrial college, they are "literally the representatives of Oberlin, the United States, AND the Christian Church."

Oberlin is also continuing work at Taiku, Shansi, on a program of rural reconstruction among the Chinese who remained there when the Japanese took possession.

A leave of absence for three years has been granted **Miss Edith E. Husted** of the Japan Mission in order to allow her to accept a temporary appointment at the School for Missionary Children, Kodaikanal, India, beginning sometime in February.

Chronicle

FURLOUGHS AUTHORIZED

Rev. and Mrs. William Q. McKnight of the Japan Mission, beginning immediately.

Miss Olive S. Hoyt of the Japan Mission for family reasons.

SAILED FOR THE FIELD

Mrs. Lorrin A. Shepard and **Miss Flora E. Manwell** sailed from San Francisco, February 1, Mrs. Shepard returning to the Near East Mission and Miss Manwell joining the Mission.

ARRIVAL ON THE FIELD

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd L. Lorbeer in Madura, South India, December 5, returning to the Madura Mission.

ARRIVALS FROM THE FIELD

Rev. and Mrs. William Q. McKnight of Sendai, Japan, arrived in San Francisco, January 10.

Mrs. Leonard F. Wilbur of Taiku, North China, arrived in San Francisco, January 16.

Miss Angie Crew of Kobe, Japan, arrived in San Francisco, January 16.

MARRIAGE

Miss Mary F. Buckhout and **Mr. H. Vilroy McVay** in Foochow, China, January 23.

DEATHS

Miss Annie Crosby Strong, a former Director of the Woman's Board of Missions, in Auburndale, January 15.

Miss Gertrude C. Grohe, missionary in Izmir, Turkey 1921–1922, in Melrose, Massachusetts, December 4.

Mrs. David S. Herrick, missionary in South India 1894–1932, in Watertown, Massachusetts, January 16.

Miss Susan W. Orvis, missionary in Turkey 1902–1932, in Earlville, Iowa, January 10.

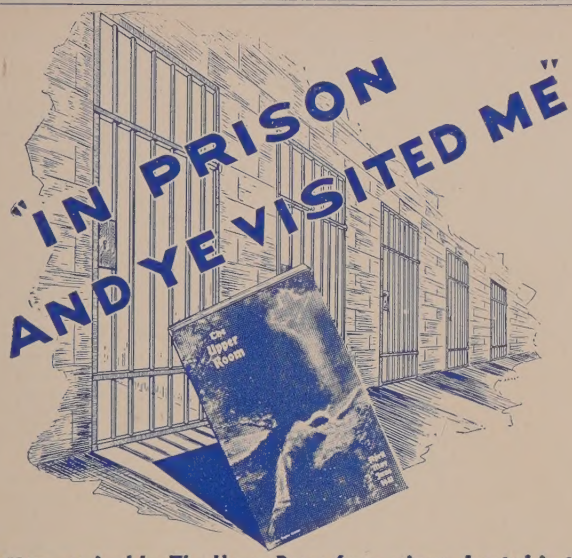
Miss Emily F. White, for thirty years a member of the Home Department of the American Board, in Auburndale, January 30.

Rev. Daniel A. Hastings, missionary in West Central Africa 1915–1938, in Edinburgh, Scotland, February 8.

Daniel Hand Educational Fund for Colored People

Total Income Received from Investments, from June 1 to December 31, 1940	$40,217.12
Month of January, 1941	9,735.18
Total for 8 months ended January 31, 1941	$49,952.30

American Missionary Association Division
The Board of Home Missions of the Congregational and Christian Churches
WILLIAM T. BOULT, *Treasurer*



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"The Upper Room is well received and read. No one can ever estimate the fruit from the seed sown. If doing so much good here, how much more good can be done in the churches that would use them to the utmost of their ability? I think it behooves every pastor to literally **push** their distribution."

Luther J. Hannum, Jr., Protestant Chaplain, Sing Sing Prison, Ossining, N. Y.

IN SAN QUENTIN PRISON—

"I cannot begin to tell you how much this devotional booklet means to us. A large number of inmates use it to guide them in their daily Bible reading and study. Some of the inmates come to us and ask for the new booklet before the previous one has expired."

Alfred C. Schmitt, Director, Library and Religious Dept., California State Prison, San Quentin, Calif.

IN VIRGINIA INSTITUTIONS—

"We have found The Upper Room to be the most useful piece of devotional literature which we have been able to place in the hands of the people in our institutions. We are using it in three tubercular sanatoriums, in the Women's Industrial Farm (prison), the hospitals of the Penitentiary and the State Farm, and in four of our juvenile institutions (industrial schools). I have on my desk now twenty-eight letters from girls at one of our industrial schools expressing their appreciation for The Upper Room and what it has meant to them."

Henry Lee Robison, Jr., Director, Religious Work in State Institutions, Richmond, Va.

April, May, June issue of The Upper Room is now ready for distribution. Ten or more copies to one address, 5 cents per copy, postpaid, with privilege of returning at our expense any unsold copies. Yearly subscription, 30 cents, postpaid; foreign, 40 cents.

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